

The Historie of

breake the pate on thee, I am a verie villaine, come & be hangd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads-hill, Good morrow Carriers, what's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy lanterne, to se my gelding in the stable.

1 Car. Nay by God soft, I know a trickeworth two of that I faith.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2 Car. I, when, canst tell? lend me thy lanterne (quothe he) marry Ile see the hangd first.

Gad. Sirra Carrier, what time doe you meane to come to London?

2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Mugs, wee'll call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Exeunt.

Gad. What ho: Chamberlaine.

Cham. At hand quoth picke purse.

Gad. That's euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giuing direction, doth from labouring: thou layest the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow master Gads-hill, it holds currant that I told you yester night, there's a Franckelin in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred markes with him in gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for egges and butter, they will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas clarks, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hangman, for I know thou worshipst Saint Nicholas, as truly as a man of falshood may.

Ga. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallows: for if I hang, old sir Iohn hangs with me, and thou knowest hee is no starueling: tut, there are other

Troians

Henrie the fourth.

Troians that thou dream'st not of, the which for content to do the profession, some grace, that would should be lookt into) for their owne credit sake make I am ioyned with no footeland rakers, no long-staff strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple hewd but with nobilitie, and tranquillity, Burgomasters & gers, such as can hold in such as will strike sooner then speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray (Zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their saint mon-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but pray on her ride vp and downe on her, and make her their bootes.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their bootes? without water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will, iustice hath liquord her: w a castle cocksure: we haue the receite of Fernelseede, inuisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I thinke you are more b the night then to Fernelseede, for your walking inuisible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in o as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a false

Gad. Go to, homo is a common name to all men: bi bring my gelding out of the stable, farewell, ye mudd

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto, &c.

Poin. Come shelter, shelter, I haue remooued Falst and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

Prin. Stand close.

Enter Falstaf

Fals. Poynes. Poynes, and be hangd Poynes.

Prince. Peace ye fat-kidneyd rascal, what a brau thou keepe?

Fals. What Poynes, Hal?

Prin. He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go see

Fals. I am accur'd to rob in that theeues companie, hath remooued my horse, and tyed him I know not t trauell but foure foote by the squire further a foote, I m my winde. Well, I doubt not but to die a faire de this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue his company hourly any time this xxij. yeere, and y

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